C-221-5-L
C. 2

E W Branscombe Dec 28 02

KILLAMS MILLS
NB

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVI., No. 33 MONTREAL, AUGUST 16, 1901. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

Carrying the Grain

"The uplands and the fields
are crowned
With sheaves of golden
grain."

Come Unto Me.

(By the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, in 'British Messenger.')

A gentleman in an inquiry-room who had been for some time conversing with a man who professed to be anxious about his soul's salvation, rose from the side of the man to whom he had been speaking, and begged of one well advanced in years to take his place, saying that he could not get the inquirer to see the way of salvation. As requested, the aged man sat down by the inquirer. 'What is wrong?' he said. 'Wrong? Everything is wrong. My soul is lost, and I have only found it out now.' 'Are there no people known to you, whom you can believe whatever they say to you?' 'Yes,' said the sorrowing one. 'Just as you believe them will you now believe God? God says in his word, "Come unto Me, ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."' 'I wish to see that for myself,' said the man, as his aged friend took out his spectacles to read the message from his New Testament. 'Give me the book that I may read it for myself.' With his finger on the spot, he read the gracious words over and over again. 'God, I take you at your word,' he cried. Before they parted his friend asked him, 'How is it now?' 'My burden is gone,' was the reply. He had brought it to the great Burden-bearer, and having left it there he went on his way rejoicing.

In a recent remarkable book entitled 'Modern Miracles,' by Miss L. Thompson, a striking story is told of the conversion of a consumptive lad, who was helped into the light by this verse. He was a lad of irreproachable life, but he had never known what it was to have fellowship with God. Miss Thompson had often spoken to him, but had never evoked any response. One day, however, seeing how very tired this young lad was, she said to him softly, 'Jesus has words for the weary, but before giving you them I want to tell you a story.' Then she told how a friend of her own, a young man, had gone to Sutheriandshire to learn sheep-farming. The farm where he was placed was near the sea, and on it was a moor stretching along great cliffs overhanging the ocean. The moor was thus very dangerous for sheep, so every evening the farmer gathered all his sheep together. Once, on counting them up within the fold, one was missing. 'We must seek her before nightfall,' said the shepherd, and off they went. At last, after a long search, when peering over the cliff edge into the boiling water below the farmer suddenly cried, 'There she is; but how did she get there?' On a ledge of rock about twenty feet below, the sheep was grazing quietly on a beautiful bit of green grass. The ledge was long but narrow and the pasture was unusually rich. 'How will you get her up? Will you have a rope round you and go down?' 'Oh, no, if I went now, she is so pleased with that bit of green grass she would make one bound away whenever she saw me, and be over the cliff.' 'What then?' 'Oh, we've had to do this kind of thing before. I'll keep watching her. When she has finished eating this grass she'll grow hungry, then faint and weary, and then I'll go, and then she'll come to my arms, and be safe.' The dying youth's attention was roused as his friend went on to say, 'Don't you think if the Good Shepherd had come to you in your strong happy days you would have turned away. But He has been waiting, watching. This world can no longer give you anything more. You are faint and weary. Now the Good Shepherd knows His time has come. He is close beside you. And He says, oh! so tenderly, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." May I ask Him to let you hear His voice, and come at His call?' 'Oh, I am so tired!' was all the poor lad answered. And then the good lady went on—'Yes, Lord, so tired, so weary, let him feel Thy compassion yearning over him, and accept Thy rest for the weary. Fold him safe in the arms of Jesus.' A faint amen seemed to come from the dying youth as the lady rose to leave. When next Miss Thompson called a wonderful change had taken place. The Lord Himself had spoken, and now the lad's lips, so long sealed, were opened. 'Oh, I'm so glad you've come! I've heard the Good Shepherd. It was this morning. Mother dressed me and put me in the arm-chair, and suddenly I got so faint she went to fetch me something, and when she was away I thought I would have died of weariness. Then all at once I seemed to hear Jesus say, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." I thought of the poor sheep, hardly able to creep from weakness, into the shepherd's arms, and I said, "That's me, Lord; but oh, Lord, I give myself to Thee"; and rest came at once. Rest and peace, and I thought He was saying, "Rejoice with Me for I have found My sheep which was lost."' Shall we thank Him?' said the good lady. 'Oh, yes! That's just what I want you for, and to read the parable of the lost sheep.' The happy change thus produced continued to reveal itself during the rest of the poor dying boy's life on earth, and when, soon after, he passed into the eternal world, he did so with the happy assurance that he was one of Christ's sheep, and that he was going to be with One who would feed him and lead him to living fountains of waters, and who would wipe away all tears from his eyes.

Church Building—Raising Funds.

(By the Rev. A .L. Gerrish.)

Building a church edifice in a community should be preceded by a strong conviction in that community that such building is needed for the glory of God and the advancement of his kingdom. Be sure first that a church is needed, that the Lord wants it as well as men; for 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' Ps. cxxvii., 1.

Select a lot with a view to future needs, large enough to extend the first building if necessary in the future history of the work.

A church should strike for an edifice that it can reasonably expect to pay for itself. I would not build a hovel to worship the Lord in, unless the interested people all lived in hovels. The Lord ought to have as good as his people. A church edifice that will cost from $800 to $2,000 can be made as neat, tasty, well proportioned, light, and attractive as one much larger and more expensive. Such can be built as a part of a larger structure, should future success call for it, with but little waste of means. While I say, Buy your lot with a view to the future, I will not say, Build your church with a view to the future—if you must go in debt from $5,000 to $10,000 to do it. The rule should be, Build what you can pay for or nearly so. You can raise five dollars easier for a church building, before you commence building or while you are building, than you can raise one dollar afterward to pay a debt. You can have the same stimulus again when it is necessary to enlarge. This statement holds good whether you are buying an organ, making additions to your library, refurnishing with new singing books, or painting the meeting-house. Raise your money first, then spend what you have in hand. It will come easier and will bring greater satisfaction.

How to raise the money? I believe the subscription method to be decidedly the best. Let all interested say within themselves, This is our work, and we are going to do it. Then let them say it to one another and the community. Independent, determined endeavor will overcome great obstacles, and it will inspire outsiders with the belief that some worthy thing is about to be accomplished, which they will make no mistake in helping. Working people without much means can do more than they think if they will undertake it systematically and together. I knew a church made up of all poor working people that raised sixteen hundred dollars in three years for a new church, besides supporting the means of grace amongst themselves with some assistance, in the latter work, by friendly hands. Some pledged one dollar a week for one hundred weeks, others fifty cents a week for the same time, and others twenty-five cents. These sums were paid each Sabbath until the whole was paid. The money was put into a colored envelope, properly marked, and signed by the name of the donor, went in with the regular weekly collection and was cared for by a person appointed for the purpose, who kept strict account with each donor and lodged the money each week in the bank, until the result above alluded to was reached.

I know of a debt of thirty-five hundred dollars disposed of in a similar way. Monthly payments were made and everybody was asked to contribute something. The personal pledges were from twenty-five cents to five dollars a month. The ladies' society paid ten dollars a month, and on the third Sunday of each month, at all the services from morning to the close of the day, a collection was taken for this purpose. The result was that the debt was reduced one hundred dollars a month and the interest was kept paid. In three years the debt was quietly paid and no one felt suffering thereby. United, determined, continuous work will build a meeting-house, pay a debt, or do anything else God wants us to do, if we will accept his call and work till he gives us discharge.—'Morning Star.'

The Queen of Holland.

Prof. Gore tells in the 'Ladies' Home Journal' a pretty story of the Queen of Holland. When a little girl she made a habit of dividing her toys and playthings with poor children, and in many a peasant home in the Netherlands you may see a doll or other bric-a-brac of childhood carefully preserved and set up, like a household god, on the high shelf. The mother will proudly tell you: 'This was given our daughter by Prinsesje.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Aug. 18, Sun.—O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

Aug. 19, Mon.—Lord, be thou my helper.

Aug. 20, Tues.—For thy name's sake lead me and guide me.

Aug. 21, Wed.—Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.

Aug. 22, Thur.—I will guide thee with mine eye.

Aug. 23, Fri.—The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

Aug. 24, Sat.—I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

BOYS AND GIRLS

In Far Cathay

A CHINESE GIRL'S STORY, TELLING OF THE STRANGE CUSTOMS OF A STRANGE PEOPLE.

('Endeavor Herald.')

I am going to write a story for some boys and girls away in some other country. How unlucky for them they were not born under heaven as we were! How funny they must all look with pale hair and eyes!

My name is Lindee. Father and mother were disappointed when I was born ten years ago; but Granny said there was no plan—there had to be some girls, and I might as well be one as some one else.

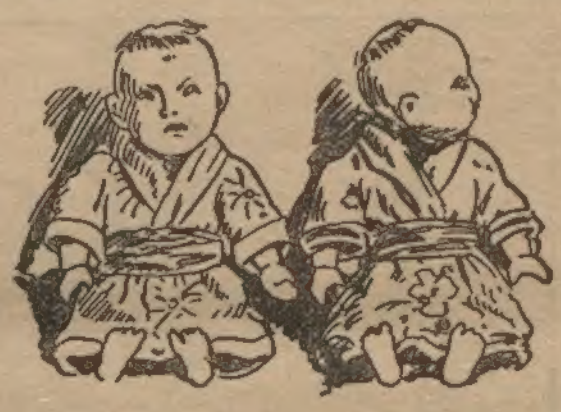
I grew up big and strong on my millet food, and I can cook and sew and mind my baby brother. He makes my arms ache when I have to carry him all day, but I am afraid to leave him alone for fear the evil spirits carry him off. My mother bit

off his toe when he was a tiny baby, as they would not want an injured boy, and the other day she made a hole in one of his ears so they would think he was a girl, and you know they won't take girls. Sometimes Granny looks after him, and then I run into the next courtyard to play with Yawto. Yesterday, while father and mother were out hoeing cotton and I was home with Granny, Swandee came home from school with his eyes all red and swollen. He got up on the kang and cried again till he went to sleep. I knew what was the matter, because he had done that before when he was punished with a flat stick and made to kneel on the hard floor; but it was nearly time to eat, so I hurried to get the things ready and could not talk to him. While I was out getting some grass and roots to burn, the baby broke Granny's bowl that she has eaten out of since she was a little girl. She was feeling pretty sad, because a new bowl would never be like the old one. 'Never mind, Granny,' said I; 'you have some things yet to be proud of—you have a nice coffin and your grave-clothes all ready, anyway.' She was pleased at this, and went off to have a look at them. Father is considered to be a good son to provide her things so soon.

Pretty soon father and mother came in to supper, and I ran to fill the bowls with millet. Swandee woke up and took his bowl and chopsticks and went off to his favorite stone to eat with the neighbors' boys. Father sat on the roadside discussing the affairs, mother and Granny sat in the yard with some others, so I ran into the next yard to eat with Yawto. Poor Yawto! she does not have a very happy time. Her father drives a cart and three donkeys, and they eat so much straw he never has much cash. He came home very cross because his cart had tipped over a big bank. There was no millet cooked for him, so he gave Yawto a push and said she was a lazy good-for-nothing, and that he would sell her the next chance he got. I was frightened and ran off home thinking he might hit me. I am glad I am not raised on his rice.

When I got nome I washed up the bowls and chop-sticks and put them in a nice pile on the floor. Then I spread the straw mats on the kangs ready for sleeping. Granny and I have a kang to ourselves. I told her to call me early because Yawto and I were going down to the river to wash the clothes. Granny does not like me to be so much with Yawto. She says you can't get white cloth out of an indigo dye-pot. I suppose she means if Yawto's father is bad she must be bad, too.

It was nearly five o'clock when I awoke. I hurried on my jacket and trousers, slipped my feet into my shoes, and was ready. Swandee was up already, because he has to go to school at six. He was feeling sore after last night, so I gave him a date cake. Yawto called for me, and we set off along the side street. We passed the dye-shop, where the blue cloth was already hanging dripping over the road. A good many people were on the street, and we had to push our way among donkeys and carts, but at last we got to the east gate and were not long in getting to the river. We knew where there were two nice, smooth stones, and we wanted to get them before other girls and women came along. We each got a stone and dipped the clothes in one by one, drew them out on the stone and pounded them with a round stick. It took quite a time, but while one was being washed another dried. Before long there was a row of women and girls all along the bank and the water began to look pretty blue. We played around till all the clothes were dry, and watched the men drawing water from the river to water the fields. Two men held a rope with a bucket in the middle. They let down the bucket, gave a pull and a little twist and the bucket was emptied into a ditch and ran away into smaller ditches all over the fields. One man work-



ed alone, pulling water out of a well with a 'looloo.' The bucket would go down, down, and then he would wind the rope round and round till up it came again. It is hard work. My mother has to help water our fields. I am glad I am too small.

On our way home we passed the Tudee temple, and there behind it, trying to hide, was Swandee. He had not been to school at all. I'm afraid he will never be a scholar. When Chen Ming, our neighbor's son, brought home his degree and came out 'flower of the list,' the whole city felt honored. Granny says if Swandee would only do as well she would be a happy woman, but I'm afraid he'll have to buy his degree for he'll never earn one. I can count cash and sell eggs as well as he can now. Girls don't go to school. Swandee says they don't need to know anything but how to sew and cook and take care of husbands. He said if we would not tell on him he would buy us some persimmons.

We went into the temple where the gods were sitting around. They were made of mud and wood, and painted red and blue and green. Yawto is afraid to go near them, but I'm not. One day I stumbled and fell against one and broke his toe. I tell you I was scared. I took up my legs and ran as fast as I could, but I never died or anything. I did not dare to tell Granny. She expects her soul to come here first thing after she dies. I hope they won't be bad to Granny because I broke that toe. A very stylish man came in. He was dressed in a purple coat and bright yellow leggings. We watched to see what he would do. He took some sticks of incense, stuck them in a dish and set fire to them. Then he got down on his knees and 'katowed.' I was afraid he would hurt his head the way he bumped. He left some rice and cash and went away.

We started for home and Swandee said, 'Let us go around by the north gate to see some shaggy old camels.' Yawto's feet hurt so badly we could not go very fast. Her feet have hurt her ever since they were bound—far worse than mine. There are countries where girls' feet are as big as boys'. How unstylish they must be! I should think they would never get husbands. We wished we could ride when we saw some women coming into the city astraddle of their donkeys.

We were so long in reaching home we thought we would get a scolding, but father was in good humor. Granny was dressed up in her best blue trousers and her yellow jacket and had her best earrings in, so I knew something was up. Some men were there, and they stared so at me I asked Granny what they wanted. She told me to run off to the barber's and get my hair fixed, and put on my good clothes and she would tell me. I was not gone long. The old barber man was not busy at that time of the day. He shaved the front of my hair and tied up the back braid with a new red cord. I ran home and soon had on my purple trousers and red jacket and my new green shoes with tigers' heads worked on the front. I wished I had some long earrings, those threads looked so unstylish. My fan was a nice new one, so I took it and ran to hear what was the matter.

'How would you like to have a mother-in-law?' said Granny.

'I don't want one, Granny! I don't want to go away from home.'

'Oh, it doesn't make much difference what you want. We have got a husband for you. Your father made a better bargain than he expected, for you are not much to look at, child. But you won't have to go away yet awhile—maybe not till you are married. Your mother-in-law has daughters of her own and will not need you. Run off now and look at the fine new box of jewellery you've got. You ought to be happy. Everyone thinks it a fine bargain.'

I ran off to look at the presents, feeling proud to think I had a mother-in-law before most of the girls around. But I don't want to go away for a long while yet.

I had no time to see Yawto that night, but I ran over early next morning. Yawto was looking so sad I asked her what was the matter, and she said her father had agreed to sell her mother, as times were so hard and cash scarce. He said Yawto was old enough to do the work now.

Pretty soon in came the father and the middleman with another man. The middleman wrote on a paper, and Yawto's father dipped his hand in ink and made a print on one side; then he dipped in his bare foot

and made a print of it on the other side. The man gave him five dollars and the bargain was made. The mother was crying, because she did not want to leave Yawto, but that did not make any difference—she had to go. I should think the gods would punish that man, he is so bad. Not long ago a man was buried alive for being bad, and he was not half so bad as Yawto's father. Granny says he would help a tiger eat his prey.

To-day father is going to give a feast to his friends over his fortunate bargain. I heard him give the order for eight bowls.

SCHOOL GIRLS AT WEN-CHOW, CHINA.

There was to be one of chicken, cut in slices and dressed with gravy; one of pork rolls fried in oil; three kinds of meat rolled in starch and fried in lard; one of candied lotus nuts; one of pig's feet sinews fried in lard! one of sharks' fins; one of stewed pork basted with sugar; one of fish stomachs. The table was to be set in the restaurant, with the bowls in the middle of the table. Each person to have his chop-sticks and help himself.

Swandee went off to school hoping the teacher would overlook his absence yesterday on account of the doing at our house. He said he would try to learn ninety lines to-day to please the master.

Granny said we would have something nice at home, so I got out some flour and water and made a lump of dough. Then I put it on a board and rolled it till it was quite thin. After that I folded it up and cut it in long, thin strips with a sharp knife. As soon as the kettle of water was boiling, in it went, and pretty soon we were eating it. It is so nice to get a long string in your chop-sticks—put one end in your mouth and away it goes!

Yawto was called in to have a bowl. While we were enjoying ourselves a man came in to say that her father was hurt and was lying on the road and no one would go near him. Some one brought him home after a while, and he lay and reviled and groaned for three days. Then my third uncle, who lives near, said, 'Why not send him off to the foreign devil doctors, and get rid of him? If they make medicine out of him, small loss.' So they put him on a barrow and took him away.

I stayed with Yawto that night, but I could not sleep much—the fleas just bit and bit. My brick seemed so hard I put it under the straw mat, but that was not much better. We got up early because there was to be a grand procession. The city god was to celebrate his birthday. We got on our best clothes and went off to see the sights. There was a great crowd of boys and small girls on the streets. The schools all had a holiday. There were not many big girls out—they are not allowed outside till they are married. We dodged among the crowd till we got near the 'yamen' where the god was to start for the temple outside the north gate. The officials were very gay in their silk coats and long tassels on their hats. The soldiers from the 'Tyamen' were running around everywhere on their little ponies, trying to clear the way for the god. Horns were tooting and men shouting, and at last they were started. The god was carried first. It was as high as a man and was painted blue and red and yellow. Its mouth and ears were large, and its eyes stuck out. After it came the officials on ponies, then the soldiers and all the people following. The women tried to hobble along on their little feet but got far behind. When the crowd got to the temple, they set down the god and burned incense and 'katowed' in front of it. The soldiers outside fired off guns and crackers. They did this a long while, then a man read something from a book, then all started back to the city again.

Well, when we were coming back, we passed a big compound with a high brick wall around it. Some one said that was the foreign devils' 'true doctrine place.' We all went in to see the foreign devils. We went inside a big gate, and when we looked around and saw all the buildings we were afraid. On one building was a stone with 'Jesus House' written on it. Swandee read it for us, but we did not know what it meant. At last we saw a woman and a baby and we all followed her into her house. I never saw a place like that before. Why, there were chairs, six of them! And a table, everything was so clean. No straw or mud on the floor, but clean bricks. The windows had glass in them that you could see right through. There were pictures on the walls, which we thought were their gods. The woman sat down before something and made her fingers and hands go up and down and it made the most lovely sounds I ever heard. Nothing like a drum or horn.

Then she began to sing something about some One who loved her, but we were stupid and did not understand. When she stopped singing she told us about this 'Yieso' who loved her and about the true doctrine. Some of the women didn't listen very well—they wanted to ask her about her clothes and what she ate and about her feet. She said God had given people big feet and did we know more than God that we thought we could improve them? Pretty soon a big bell rung somewhere and we all got frightened and started off. The woman asked us to come again and offered us papers. Most of the women were afraid to take one, but I took one home for Granny to see. Granny said I must not go there any more as they take out little girls' eyes and make medicine of them.

Granny hasn't been well for some time. I wonder if she is going to die? We have four coffins now ready to bury. Some day we'll have a grand funeral and bury all at once. One of our neighbors had nine buried at once, and they gave such an expensive funeral they had to sell their land to get the money. I guess we won't have to do that. Father's crops have been good for some years, but they may not be so good this year, as there has been no rain for six months. This week there has been a grand procession to coax the gods to give rain. There were seven or eight boys ahead carrying flags. Behind them came two mud idols on chairs, and then twenty-four women carrying green branches. The women were chanting and crying out. Then came two men with a big drum. A third man behind was beating the drum, while another followed with cymbals. After all this came a crowd of children. They kept this up for several days and then carried the gods around the dry fields to see the spoiling crops. That night the rain just poured down, and it rained for three days, so now everything is green again.

CHINESE GIRLS AT STUDY (YUH-SHAN SCHOOL).

Swandee has just been betrothed. Father had to pay quite a sum of money for the girl because she is very pretty and is a good worker. She is coming to live with us until the time for the wedding, as her parents have lately lost all their money in a law-suit. I hope she is good-tempered. She'll have to help with the work now, so I'll have more time to play.

Well, she has come at last, and her name is Twinu. She is about as old as me, but not so big. Her feet are very small and genteel, but they hurt her. She says—what do you think!—she has often been to the foreign devil compound and has been learning characters and can sing. She was singing to the baby and Granny heard her and found out all about it. Granny has taken quite a fancy to her and listens to what she says about the 'doctrine.' Granny says if this is the true doctrine then all our gods are false, but she would be afraid to speak to them—the neighbors would be terribly angry. Granny said we could go again to the 'Jesus' place and hear more and see if they would give us some empty cans, like Twinu got, to bring home. The woman sent Granny a big can and she was so pleased.

Father read the papers we got and says he must look into the matter.

A wonderful thing has happened. Yawto's father came home well, and he is such a different man! He looks so happy, and he never reviles nor beats Yawto. Every night he reads a book and tries to sing. The neighbors gather around and make fun of him and call him 'foreign dog,' but he never gets angry as he once would. Father says he is going himself to see into it. If this new doctrine can make a bad man like that good, there must be something in it.

Father went to hear for himself, and came home and told Granny and now they both believe. The neighbors were terribly angry and so was mother. They tried to burn down the grain, but father could not be turned.

Not long after Granny believed she was taken very ill. The foreign doctor came, but he could not make her better. The neighbors and relatives gathered into the house, crying and making a terrible noise. But Granny lay quite still with such a happy look on her face. We were all astonished to see her so quiet, not a bit afraid. All at once she roused herself and called father. She whispered to him and he went and brought the idols. She sat up in bed and, while father handed them to her one by one, she smashed them on the floor. Then she sank back satisfied. Pretty soon she opened her eyes and pointed. 'Look, look!' she said. We were terribly frightened, but looked and saw nothing. Then Granny smiled and said, 'The true God! the true God?' While we looked at her again she was dead, with the smile still on her face.

Serena's Offering

(By Margaret E. Sangster, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Serena Lathrop was not a poor woman. All her life she had been very comfortably provided for, and the recent deaths of an aunt and a cousin who had left her generous legacies had made her very well to do indeed. But unfortunately Serena was at heart a pauper.

She hated to give a cent away. When the collector for the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions went on her annual round through the church, she always left the call on Miss Lathrop to the last. She dreaded the icy greeting she was sure to receive, the chill demeanor of the lady and the remarks, never omitted, on the waste in carrying out missionary effort. Latterly Miss Serena had been heard to say that she believed the trouble in the Far East was wholly due to the missionaries and their mistake and that she should hereafter cut down her subscription. It had never exceeded a dollar a year, so that fifty cents was all that Miss Jennie Raeburn, who was the collector, had any reason to expect.

'I believe,' said Miss Jennie, faltering on Miss Serena's doorstep, 'that I'll just add fifty cents to my own collection, and not go to Miss Serena at all.' Then another thought came over her mind. 'What right have I, on the Lord's own errand, to be faint-hearted and feeble. I am behaving like a coward. I am ashamed of myself for being so timorous when the Lord has sent me forth.'

She rang the door bell, and was ushered into Miss Serena's stately, stiff, and formal drawing-room. The carpet was rich and thick with huge medallions of flowers on a crimson background at regular intervals. Sofas and chairs were upholstered in green rep, after a bygone fashion. Every chair was covered with a large crotchetted tidy and on the sofa there were three. A round table marble-topped stood in the centre of the room, and on the mantel were a French clock and two large china vases holding bouquets of Pampas plumes. The walls were ornamented with ancestral portraits, and the whole room was eloquent of order and cleanliness, a very temple of conservatism.

'My dear Jennie,' said Miss Serena, coming forward most graciously, 'how very glad I am to see you. I have been watching for you all the week. Of course you have as usual come to represent the Woman's Auxiliary. I have belonged ten years and I've given only ten dollars in that time. I have been considering the matter and I feel that I've made a great mistake. I owe the society a good deal by way of a back debt. Here is my offering.' And into the hand of the astounded Jennie she slipped ten shining gold pieces, fifty dollars in all.'

'Why Miss Serena!' gasped Jennie in sheer incredulity and amazed delight.

'I may as well tell you all about it, dear. I've had a change of heart,' said Miss Serena. 'Come to my room and have a cup of tea, and I'll explain.'

'You see, Jennie,' she went on a little later as she poured the boiling water over the fragrant Ceylon tea, 'I have never been enthusiastic over church work, and missions have not appealed to me. I have been honest, but nothing more. Now of late I have been convinced that they were a mistake, that good money was thrown away in sending missionaries to the barbarians in China, and the strange, queer people in India, and I've been saying that what I gave I'd give right here in my own town where I could see it spent. But the other day I was reading of the missionaries who have been martyred this summer, men, women, even children, and though I felt they'd brought it on themselves, going off among such desperately bigoted and superstitious folks, I couldn't get away from the thought of them. The more I tried, the more I couldn't. Against my judgment and against my will something said to me, "Serena Lathrop, you are a mean, selfish thing. You could never have done it. They've broke the alabaster box. You've never even given the price of a tin box of perfume to the Lord, let alone alabaster."

'I kept a-musing and a-musing and I went to bed and I fell asleep. And, Jennie, on my bed I dreamed a dream.'

Jennie said nothing, but her big blue eyes never moved from Miss Serena's excited face. That face usually immobile was strangely stirred. The cheeks were flushed. The eyes shone. Miss Serena looked twenty years younger.

'I dreamed that I was a child again, and that my mother had sent me on an errand, and I had lost my way. I wandered up and down, but I could not find the path. Bye-and-bye I seemed to be in a boat floating across a lonely sea. I still knew that I wanted to find my home, but I could not. On sea or land I was just a lost child. At last the boat grated on a strange shore, and I stepped out on a grassy plain, all smooth and flowery, and there were shining forms moving softly about and in the distance I heard sweet music, singing, and the tinkling of harps.

'The shining ones were not all grown up people. Some were children like me, and one, a dear small brown-eyed maiden came and said, "I am Okara San. Don't you know me? You used to send me letters to Japan from your Sunday-school? Come with me and I will take you to our Lord."

'Okara San was a little girl Miss Suydam's class supported years ago. She died when she was fourteen.

'We went a little way, and I did not seem now to be a child; you know how the scenes change in a dream. I seemed a young lady twenty years old or thereabouts. The wee Japanese floated away, and in her place there appeared a tall and graceful Hindu woman in a white and gleaming robe.

'"Come with me, Serena," she said, "and I will guide you to our Lord."

'She had a wreath of flowers on her head and flowers in her hands. She glided quickly by me, and when I said, "Have I ever known you?" she answered: "Friends of yours have known me well. I believe you did not care for the Hindus, in the land where some people ever walk with blind eyes and beggared souls."

'I dropped my head in shame. I remembered my cold disdain of the Hindus and my niggardly gifts. But I walked on. Presently my conductor left me and a group of lovely persons came gently around me. Again I was neither child nor young girl, I was myself, an elderly woman with gray hair, and stubborn ideas that were like a rock. But all the while under it all I knew that I was a lost child and that I wanted to find my mother.

'"Shall we take her to our dear Lord Christ?" said one to another. Their eyes were like stars. Their faces were beautiful. They were like those who had gained the victory and were safe forever more. And, Jennie, I knew them, for some of them I had met, and some I had heard speak in missionary meetings, and a still and solemn voice whispered in my spirit, "These are they which have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb." They were martyrs of the cross. I stood before them with empty hands, ashamed and silent.

'From somewhere out of the golden mist which hung over a walk of blooming roses and lilies, suddenly my mother appeared. She looked very wistful and remote, as if she were much displeased.

'"Ah, Serena!" she said. "Is it you? But you are not fit to be here. Nay, friends, do not take her yet to our Lord. She does not care to help him find his sheep that are lost."

'And all around me the air grew more and more chilly, and the flowers faded, and the faces of the saints disappeared. And I heard a voice far away saying, "Other sheep I have. Them also I must bring, that there may be one flock and one shepherd." And then, Jennie, I awoke.'

Miss Serena's dream wrought in her a steadfast repentance. She was not one to do anything by halves. It seemed to her that she must make up for lost time, so she began to read and study, she attended the meetings, she ceased to discriminate between God's wanderers in America and in the lands across the sea. In a vision of the night her Saviour had spoken to her and she was obedient to his commandment.

Jennie, too, had learned a lesson of trust that was not in vain.

Some Chautauqua Girls

('Temperance Record.')

It was a hot summer afternoon, and the infants had been more sticky, fidgety, and inattentive than usual, which meant that the class-room was in a state of uproar all the time. As Millicent Hayling struggled through the lesson, reading copious extracts from a page of Lesson Helps, she gratefully remembered that it was her last Sunday there for three weeks to come. At last, the clock struck four, and, dismissing the small crowd thankfully, she sauntered home.

'Really, schools ought to be closed during the summer,' she said to herself as she went. 'Indeed, I don't think it would be much loss if that class were never held at all. It is only a sort of "creche" to keep the children quiet, and I am not made for the position. I shall never be cool again. How I wish I had stayed in the garden all the afternoon.'

Then another thought struck her, and she smiled.

'And yet I go to a Chautauqua on Saturday. What shall I do amongst all those good people?'

Being obliged to take her holidays alone that year, Millicent had found a friend who was bent on doing a trip to North Wales in economical fashion. They had happened to see the Chautauqua advertised, and decided that it was just the very thing. Board, lodging, and excursions all arranged, and at a moderate cost; pleasant people to mix with, and a few lectures and meetings thrown in.

'We need not go to those unless we like,' said Millicent, as they read the programme through. 'Because, after all, it is our holiday, and we can go to meeting any time.'

'All right,' said Agnes Grey, 'but I would rather listen to a good lecture than gossip in a boarding-house drawing-room.'

'Gossip! My dear Agnes, do you think Chautauqua people gossip? I shall be only too thankful if they do. I am afraid they go about all the time with Bibles under their arms.'

But when they arrived at Paddington early on Saturday morning they decided that they might be amongst an ordinary crowd of tourists. Nothing particularly severe or solemn marked the Chautauqua crowd; indeed, before the long slow journey was half over everyone seemed to have made friends, and pleasant, helpful comradeship had begun already.

Three days later Millicent made a discovery.

'Agnes!' she said emphatically, as the girls were dressing for dinner, after a long day's excursion. 'Do you know I have been to every single meeting and lecture that's been held, as well as all the excursions, and I have positively enjoyed them, although all the time there has been someone talking Sunday-school or singing Sankey's hymns.'

'Well,' said Agnes, seriously, 'of course you ought to—are you not a Sunday-school worker yourself?'

'Humph!' commented Millicent, as she examined her freckled countenance. 'A Sunday-school dawdler, if you like, but these people seem to think that there is nothing else worth living for.'

The next day was very hot, and a languid party sauntered in to lunch.

'What is the order of proceedings this afternoon?' enquired someone.

'Nothing—until four o'clock,' replied Agnes. 'And then a lecture by the Professor on the "Art of Teaching." Of course, no one would dream of missing that.'

'Wouldn't they?' said Millicent. 'I think a lounge-chair on the verandah infinitely to be preferred.'

There Agnes left her half-an-hour before the time, and went steadily down the hill to the meeting place. Millicent watched her with sleepy eyes, but five minutes later sprang up, saying:

'Now, Millicent, this won't do. If you spend a whole fortnight at a Chautauqua without learning how to teach that precious class of yours you will be a deliberate fraud.'

So she found a big sun-hat, a notebook, and a pencil, and reached the chapel in time to find a group of Chautauquans, the lecturer amongst them, lounging on the steps or fences near the door.

'What's the matter?' she asked.

'Nothing, except that the boy has gone off with the key, and no one can find him. So you came after all.'

'Yes, to the tea-shop,' laughed Millicent. 'I'll come in and fetch you afterwards,' she added to Agnes, as she disappeared inside the shop of the enterprising baker who advertised Chautauqua buns as a choice commodity.

But after tea was over, from a back-seat in the little chapel, Millicent heard herself described—or, at least, so it seemed to her awakened mind. When the Professor began to suggest remedies for all the faults he had so scathingly denounced, Millicent's note-book came out and she carefully recorded all the hints as they were given.

Sauntering home, she found Mr. Francis, one of the most interesting men attending the assembly, beside her.

'I wonder if all this is worth while,' she said to him suddenly.

'What?' he asked, smilingly.

'Why—all the work you would have to do if you taught a class as the Professor said we ought. It would be quite a worry to me all the week.'

'You do not strike me as being in a particularly overburdened condition,' said Mr. Francis. 'Haven't you any time to spare during the week?'

Millicent laughed.

'Yes, I daresay I have. Really, I have very little to do. But, you know, even if I did my best to prepare a good lesson every week—do you think it would make any difference to those mere babies whom I teach—or, rather, whom I have attempted to teach.'

There was a moment's pause, and then Mr. Francis said deliberately:

'Yes, I do think it is worth while. One can only speak from experience after all, and I know perfectly well that it was in an infant class I learnt the greatest lesson of my life. Without any cant, I can say that my spiritual life began there, and I have been grateful to its teacher ever since.'

After such a testimony, Millicent felt she could never say again the work was not worth doing, and until the Chautauqua closed, and during the quiet week that she and Agnes spent together at Dolgelly, she quietly prepared to teach when she went home again. Was she successful? Yes, since her bright manner, clear voice, and clever brain, were controlled by a consecrated will and a lasting enthusiasm—and these latter gifts came to her through the Chautauqua Summer Gathering of 189—.

The Awakening of Emmeline.

(By Elizabeth Robbins, in 'Wellspring.')

When Emmeline had really started on the long-talked-of visit to her cousin Katie, every other member of the Pearson family breathed more freely. Emmeline's habit of finding fault with everything and everybody seemed to grow on her, and these first two weeks of her summer vacation, which had been weeks also of preparation, had been particularly trying.

Seeing her as she settled herself in her seat in the train, no one would have suspected that she was one who made life a burden to her family, — a pretty girl of sixteen or thereabout, in a very handsome suit, and, just now, a smile curving her lips. Least of all did she suspect it herself. Indeed, she was under an entirely different impression. She thought they did not consult her comfort or wishes as they should, or try to make home pleasant for her. There seemed always to be some quarrel or other going on, the house was not kept as tidy inside as it ought to be, and was shabby outside, and her father was poor, so that she had to have her dresses made at home, and not by a regular dressmaker.

To add to her injuries, she was not appreciated. There were not many girls as generous and unselfish as she was, but her family never seemed to give her any credit for these virtues. Her aunt, for whom she was named, sent her each year a crisp ten-dollar bill, and Emmeline always spent nearly all of it in presents. This year she had kept only three dollars for herself. It was the same with the small sums she occasionally obtained by reading to an invalid neighbor. But her people took it all as a matter of course,—just smiled and thanked her for the presents, and that was the end of it. No, she certainly was not appreciated.

She was not thinking of these grievances now, however, but of the delightful time she expected to have at Katie's.

The journey came to an end at last. Her aunt and cousin were waiting on the station platform to welcome her. When they reached the house, Katie helped her to unpack, and the two girls talked very fast.

'Did Aunt Emmeline give you your usual gift this year?' Katie asked, when the valise was empty and stowed away in the closet.

'Yes,' Emmeline answered, but did not tell the use she had made of it. She did not believe in boasting of one's generosity.

'She gave me ten dollars, too, this year,' Katie said. 'It happened that there was a marked-down sale of pretty suits just at that time, and I bought such a lovely one! Come to my room and I will show it to you.'

'It is pretty,' Emmeline agreed. To herself she said, 'How selfish Katie is,—spent every bit of it on herself! I suppose it is because she is the only girl in the family, and the boys are so much younger,—and her grandmother living with them and spoiling her. I'm thankful I'm not so selfish.'

'I don't often have a new dress,' she said aloud, with a resigned little air. 'Nearly everything I have is made over from Aunt Emmeline's cast-off dresses and coats.'

'It is nice if anyone can do it,' Katie answered. 'Aunt Emmeline sends me things, too; such pretty things, and hardly worn at all, but we pass them on to a neighbor of ours, who is glad to get them. I haven't much knack at dressmaking, and while I'm going to school, there's only time for me to keep in good repair the clothes I have. There's such a deal of work in making over

dresses and garments! Mother isn't strong, and I just will not let her wear herself out sewing for me. I'd rather wear fifty-cent shirt waists and dollar-and-a-half skirts the year round. I was glad on her account for my pretty suit, for she feels worse than I do about my dressing so plainly.'

It was an innocent speech, but somehow it made Emmeline uncomfortable. She herself had never done even her own mending, and instead of wishing to spare her mother, had been in the habit of urging her to do more.

The first half of Emmeline's visit passed delightfully. There was a girl visiting next door, and the two took a great fancy to each other, and were constantly together. But the girl had to go away, and then there were several hours each day when Emmeline found the time hang heavily on her hands. Katie had distinctly given her to understand that she should have to be busy in the forenoons, but Emmeline could see no necessity for it and thought Katie very disobliging to refuse to come out and sit in the shade, or play croquet, or row on the river, in the early part of the day.

Then she fell to wondering why so selfish a person as Katie should be idolized by her family, for now that she had more leisure to observe, she clearly perceived that such was the case. She brooded over this fact, and wished more and more that her own people had as much affection for her. It all seemed very unfair, somehow.

Emmeline had loitered downstairs to her solitary breakfast a little before nine one morning, as was her custom, and then went to swing in the hammock on the shady veranda and watch her aunt, who was shelling peas for dinner. As they sat there, Eddie, the eleven-year-old, came running up the steps with a big bunch of pond-lilies; he had heard Katie say she wished she had some, and had walked two miles in the hot sun, and had waded into a pond where there were water-snakes, for the sake of giving her a surprise.

'How much you all think of Katie,' Emmeline said, with a hint of dissatisfaction, when he had disappeared in search of his sister.

'She is such a dear, generous, unselfish little woman, we couldn't very well help it, could we?' Katie's mother returned, fondly.

'Katie generous!' The words slipped out before Emmeline thought, and she bit her lip and colored.

But Katie's mother did not seem offended. 'Doesn't it seem so to you?' she asked.

'Why—she doesn't give much,—presents, I mean,—does she?' Emmeline stammered.

'You mean presents that cost money? No, she doesn't give away much money,' her aunt said, smiling a little. 'She can't very well give what she doesn't have. She is generous with what is a thousand times more value,—she gives herself. You know the verse, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"? You have always thought of that as a mere physical dying, but it has a deeper meaning, too; it means the laying down of the life of self, the giving up of selfish desires, selfish enjoyments, selfish habits. That is the test of a nature that is genuinely unselfish and generous.'

Emmeline sat very still, thinking, after her aunt had left her. Was it possible that she had been mistaken in Katie? She would watch and see.

So after this she made a study of her cousin. She found out that Katie was in the habit of rising every morning before anyone else and preparing the family breakfast. Her mother had been doing it for years and years, she said, when Emmeline questioned her, and she thought someone else ought to try it for a while and give her mother a vacation.

She always went to meet her father, when he came home tired at night, because, though he did not ask her, she knew he liked to have her come, and brightened at sight of her.

She took an active part in the housework, because they could not afford to keep a girl. It was not fair for her mother to have to do it alone, and Katie wanted to learn to be a good housekeeper, anyway.

She practiced on the piano two hours every day. She said it would be a shame not to, when her father had spent so much money on lessons; and she meant to delight his heart by being a good musician. One could give so much pleasure to others with music, too.

Katie sympathized with her younger brothers in all that interested them, also, and was ever ready to do things for them. What seemed to Emmeline most difficult of all, Katie was patient and thoughtful of her grandmother, who, though nearly stone deaf, yet wanted to hear all that was said by those round her.

Yes, Emmeline had to admit that Katie laid down her life most generously for others; but, she argued, anybody would be kind and unselfish in a cheerful, orderly home like this, where every one was kind and thoughtful, with never a cross word or look.

But when Emmeline tried to think of special instances of unkindness and thoughtlessness in her own home, she was not a little puzzled over her difficulty in discovering any. Her mother might not be as cheerful as Katie's, but she was never cross; her father did not talk much, but his worst enemy could not accuse him of being ill-tempered; Sarah, she had to own, was uncommonly thoughtful of others, and spent her time working for them; while Aunt Lida was gentleness personified. The family unkindness, of which Emmeline had made so much, was finally found to consist of an occasional sarcastic retort from Alfred when she criticised him too severely.

Suddenly the real cause of the unhappiness at home flashed upon Emmeline. Was not she herself the one who did all the fretting and fault-finding, who made all the ill-natured speeches, who accused others unjustly? Was not her own carelessness largely responsible for the disorder of which she complained so bitterly? Did she ever show sympathy for her mother or sister or aunt, or put herself out to save them work or worry? Did she show even common gratitude for anything they did for her? Had she not always assumed that she was the important member of the family, for whom the others should work and make sacrifices?

'I have been the most selfish person that ever lived, and all the time imagined I was the most unselfish,' she groaned. 'I thought I could be mean and contemptible and ungrateful every hour of my life, and that the giving of a few miserable presents once in a while made a generous person of me, and put everybody under great obligation.'

The more she meditated on her shortcomings the more remorseful Emmeline felt. She grew so despondent that her aunt and cousin thought she was homesick.

Emmeline was impatient to go home. There was only one more day to stay, but she felt as if she could not wait even so short a time, to begin the carrying out of her new resolutions.

'I have been hateful and ill-tempered for so many years,' she thought, 'that they have come to believe it is my natural disposition, and that I can't help it; and they have schooled themselves to bear with me and humor me, and not answer back. But I mean to prove that it is not my natural disposition; but just a bad habit, and to show them that I do love them.'

Then it occurred to Emmeline that she might make a beginning where she was, and the next morning she surprised Katie by rising early and assisting in the breakfast-getting. After that, all day, she took advantage of every opportunity to be helpful and gentle, even to the extent of amusing the boys, and holding quite a long conversation with Katie's deaf grandmother.

'It will be dreadfully hard sometimes to "lay down my life," but I think I can do it—I know I can do it,' Emmeline thought, as she sank to sleep on the last night of her visit.

Katie wondered many times why Emmeline was so different that last day from what she had been before, but it was not till long afterwards, when Emmeline had grown to be very like Katie in character, that she learned how it had come about.

They Classify Themselves

A correspondent of the Brooklyn 'Eagle,' writing of the conditions of the mining region, sketches personal histories in an entertaining manner. He tells of two employees of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company, who have worked for many years in adjoining chambers, under precisely the same conditions, with equal advantages and prospects. One man has been sober and thrifty, and now owns a block of houses, has money invested in profitable enterprises, and enjoys an almost luxurious home. His children have graduated from the high school and he has a son in college. The other man has all these years lived only day by day. He is as poor as ever; each month his wife has to ask that part of his pay be stopped, or the family is starved. The difference between these two men in character makes the difference in station. Each man classes himself as he will.

A good many of the present mine owners and capitalists were once simply mine workers on days' wages. The Hon. William Connell, a large mine operator, a multi-millionnaire, Congressman from Pennsylvania, mentioned for Governor, began the hard work of a miner at the age of fourteen, driving mules at 75 cents a day. Later, he worked the pump engine, at $32 a month; even then, with the aid of his wife, he saved money. They gave a tenth of their income to religion and charity. He raised ten children to manhood and womanhood, who are now among the prominent people of the state. That man classified himself. All men classify themselves.—'Franco-American Citizen.'

A man must not choose his neighbor; he must take the neighbor that God sends him. In him, whoever he is, lies hidden or revealed a beautiful brother. 'Thy neighbor' is just the man who is next to you at the moment. This love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self.—George Macdonald.

Her Thimble.

She hunted in the closet,
  She hunted on the stair,
She hunted 'round the doorstep,
  She hunted everywhere.

She hunted through the twilight;
  But when the dark had come,
She paused to wipe her tears away,
  And found it on her—thumb!

LITTLE FOLKS

Dolly's Prayer.

('Sunday Friend.')

'Good-bye, Bessie, God bless you, my girl, and the little ones, and let me come back to you, if it please Him; but if not—' and Jack Newton's voice grew husky — 'if not, lass, he'll take charge of you, and you'll know your Jack died doing his duty.'

'Jack, oh! Jack, come back to me and the children!' sobbed Bessie.

'If it be his will,' replied Jack, then kissing his little four-year-old daughter, he added, 'Dolly, say a prayer for daddy every night,'

* * * * * *

The parting was over, the great vessel had steamed out of dock on her journey to South Africa, and Bessie with her two little ones was once more at home in their tiny room.

She had undressed them, and now they knelt at her knee to say their evening prayer. Dolly usually repeated it after her mother, but baby Doris was content to say only the 'Amen' at the finish.

'Now one for daddy, all to himself,' said Dolly.

'Say what you like, dear ; ask God what you will,' said Bessie, her full heart flooding her eyes with tears.

Dolly looked up one moment, and seeing her mother weeping, bowed her little head again and added:

'Please, Dod, bress daddy on the big sea water; don't let the big ship sink down to the bottom, and don't let a big fish eat him like it did Jonah, and don't let anybody shoot him in the fight, and—and bring him home again, and that's all, for Jesus' sake.'

* * * * * *

There had been a terrible battle; one of those in the early days of the war, when the British were outnumbered by the enemy, and in some cases had to retreat and leave some of their wounded in the hands of the Boers.

It was in that terrible fight at Nicholson's Nek, when a portion of our army were surrounded and cut off from the main body. It is well known how bravely they fought and fell, until, ammunition spent, the survivors were forced to surrender.

Among the wounded was Jack Newton. He was lying upon the ground unable to raise himself, and feeling his last hour was come, when a friend and comrade crawled towards him, also suffering from several flesh wounds, and a dreadfully mangled hand.

Jack smiled faintly as he recognized his friend, and after a few words upon the disaster of the day and the losses they had suffered, he added:

'You are not so badly wounded as I am, Charlie. You will probably recover, while I shall most likely die. Will you do me a favor ?'

Charlie promised, and Jack drew

out his tiny leather bag containing the little money in his possession.

'You know my Bessie; take this to her, and give it to her with my truest love, and tell her to meet me in heaven. Tell little Dolly that God has taken daddy home to himself where there is no fighting — kiss the children for me. God bless you!'

Jack was growing very faint, and when Charlie saw him close his eyes he thought that all was over.

A little later he was himself carried away on an ambulance, and next day he heard that Jack was among the dead.

* * * * * *

That same evening upon which Jack sent his dying message to Bessie, little Dolly was entering the pearly gates; she had been ill with pneumonia. Now she lay still and quiet as if waiting for the angels.

'Mamma, you must say my daddy's pwayer to-night, I'se too tired; no, p'waps I tan: "Dod bress daddy, an' if the Boer duns shoot him, send an angel to take him to heaven, where he won't be hurted no more, where there's no duns to shoot, for Jesus sake, Amen."'

Dear little Dolly! An hour later the angels came for her, and she was taken safely 'Home.'

* * * * * *

Poor Bessie! For her there was sorrow upon sorrow (for the tidings were sent to her of her husband's death), but in the midst of it all she was able to look up and say, 'Thy will be done.'

Weeks and months passed, when one afternoon a soldier knocked at Bessie's door. He had just returned from the war, and his hand was still in a sling.

Bessie recognised him at once as Jack's friend, and for his sake she welcomed him, and the more eagerly when he told her he had a message from Jack for her.

He told her of their last parting on the battle-field, but he was not prepared for the bitter grief of the

poor young wife at the sight of the familiar little bag he laid upon the table, and he stood looking helplessly on, a silent witness of her sorrow, while little Doris tried in vain to comfort her with 'Don't try, mamma.'

* * * * * *

'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning,' and Charlie was destined to fulfil a happier task a fortnight later.

Jack was not dead as was reported, but upon recovering from the swoon had been seen by a Red Cross party, and even then was on his way home when Jack went to carry the good news to Bessie.

'Thank God!' she cried, tears of joy chasing the gloom from her face, 'Thank God, Dolly's prayer is answered, and He is bringing him home again.'

And Dolly! There would still be that sorrow on the mother's heart, but there is comfort, too, in knowing that one little lamb is safely folded by the Good Shepherd.

Jamie's Visit to a Volcano.

Ever since I was a real little fellow—I am about nine now—I have been interested in volcanoes.

Once I tried to make one in the back yard, but mother says I must not tell about that, as it was a very naughty, dangerous thing to do; for, when my volcano burst—erupted, I guess, is the word—it burnt off my eyebrows and eyelashes, a little bit of my hat, and took a lot of skin from one cheek and hand. That was not a nice volcano.

But, though I stopped making volcanoes, I kept thinking about them, and I studied about them in my geography. And last spring, when mother told me that she was going to take me to Europe, the first thing I asked was: 'Shall I see a volcano?'

She said: 'Yes, we are going right to one. The Vesuvius you have studied about is very near Naples, and Naples is where we are going to land.'

I tell you I was glad, and all the time we were on the ocean I talked about Vesuvius. Mother promised, no matter what time in the night we came in sight of it, she would let me get up to see it. So very late one night she waked me up. She had to shake me several times; but the minute she said, 'We can see the volcano now,' I was wide awake in a jiffy.

We hurried up on deck, and there was dear old Vesuvius, looking just like the pictures — fire streaming up out of the top, and a great red burning place on the side! Burning lava, a man said that was. It was just splendid, and mother and I went up on the captain's bridge and took a good, long look at it, and then I had to go back to bed. I was so glad that I saw the volcano then, for every night was foggy while we stayed in Naples, and Vesuvius never showed nice and red again, but was all pinky gray and smoky.

One day mother and I went up Vesuvius by carriage from Naples. We went through ever so many miles of dreadful-looking black lava. It was everywhere, in big piles, and then like rivers, only all hard and twisted sometimes like ropes. In one field was a big stream of lava still smoking, right close to grass and trees.

I kept jumping out of the carriage to pick up pieces of lava and sometimes I found pretty flowers growing right in old, soft, powdry lava. The horses had to walk every step of the way up the mountain; and by and by we had to walk, too, as the lava had come across the road earlier in the season. After a while we came to a little railway station, and we went up the cone of the volcano in queer open cars. We could see out each side, and the track was about as steep as the side of a house. Then we had to walk ever so far through very deep ashes to the crater; and the guides held us by our arms and let us look down into the crater.

It was an awful big deep hole, and one side was bright yellow with sulphur, and a strong smell of matches made us cough. Down in the bottom of the crater was some round, red, fiery holes, where it was boiling and bubbling like fury. Then there would come a loud roar and the guides pulled us back and we ran off a little way; and lots of red-hot pieces of lava came out of the crater, and one piece hit a girl on the back and burned her dress a little and she cried pretty loud, but she was more scared than hurt, mother said.

When we came down on the railway, we stopped at the little eating-room and had some nice rolls and coffee. Think of eating on top of a volcano! Then at the little store I bought a pretty sheet of paper with a picture of Vesuvius on it in colors, just as natural as could be, and I wrote a letter to my little sister in America. I posted it right there and, when I got home my sister showed me the letter, with the postmark 'Vesuvius' on the envelope.

A big waggon took us down the road to where the lava stopped us in coming up, and we walked quickly across the lava and found the carriage waiting and then we drove to the hotel; but I was so very tired that the first thing I knew I was fast asleep and dreamed I was still climbing Vesuvius.—Elizabeth Robinson, in 'Little Men and Women.'

Be Careful What You Say.

In speaking of a person's faults,
  Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those in houses glass
  Should never throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
  But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
  And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
  Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
  We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
  The old as well as young;
We may perhaps, for aught we know,
  Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
  And find it works full well;
To try my own defects to cure,
  Before of others' tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
  No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
  The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence
  To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
  To those we little know;
Remember curses sometimes, like
  Our chickens, 'roost at home';
Don't speak of others' faults until
  We have none of our own.
—'Wellspring.'

Travellers.

We are little travellers, marching, marching,
  We are little travellers marching on,
Walking in the narrow way,
Shunning paths that lead astray,
  We are little travellers, marching on.

We are little pilgrims, hoping, hoping,
  We are little pilgrims, hoping on,
For a country better far,
Where our crown and kingdom are,
  We are little pilgrims, hoping on

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 25.

Abraham and Isaac

Genesis xxii., 1-14. Memory verses, 6-8. Romans xii., 1.

Golden Text.

'By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac.'—Hebrews xi., 17.

Lesson Text.

(1) And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham: and he said, Behold, here I am. (2) And he said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of. (3) And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him. (4) Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off. (5) And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder to worship, and come again to you. (6) And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife, and they went both of them together. (7) And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering? (8) And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering: so they went both of them together. (9) And they came to the place which God had told them of; and Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood. (10) And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son. (11) And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham: and he said, Here am I. (12) And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him: for I know now that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me. (13) And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son. (14) And Abraham called the name of the place Jehovah-jireh: as it is said to this day, in the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.

Suggestions.

Abraham moved from Hebron to Beersheba (the well of the covenant) about thirty miles south-west of Hebron. His son Isaac was born within a year after the destruction of Sodom. Isaac was about twenty-five years old when the Lord God sought to prove the faith of Abraham by asking him to offer up Isaac as a sacrifice to God. This did not surprise Abraham as the people around him were in the habit of offering human sacrifices to their idols and it seemed to them the highest form of worship. God did not intend to allow Abraham actually to kill Isaac, but he wished to test the strength of his faith. God did not tempt Abraham as we use the word tempt (Jas. i., 12-14) but he proved him, tried his faith to see how strong it was. He found that it was equal to the strain, for Abraham in humble obedience rose up early the next morning and set out with Isaac and two men-servants for the mountain to which God had directed him. It was about forty-five miles away and on the third day they came near the place. Then Abraham told the two servants to remain where they were while he and Isaac went up on the mountain to sacrifice to God. Isaac carried the wood up, and Abraham carried the brazier of fire and the knife. As they went Isaac asked where the lamb was which they should offer. Abraham replied tenderly that God would provide himself a lamb for the burnt offering. Then perhaps they sat down together and Abraham told his well-beloved son how the Lord God had sent him in fulfilment of a promise given many years before, and how he believed God's word that the promise should be continued through Isaac. Yet God had now commanded him to sacrifice this very son for whom and through whom he hoped for such great things. And now Abraham had determined to obey God no matter what it cost, for he knew that God would keep his word to him no matter what impossibilities seemed to lie in the way. Isaac was no doubt much encouraged by his father, and filled with the same faith, for with lamb-like meekness he allowed himself to be bound and laid on the altar.

When all was ready and the sacrifice was about to be offered, Abraham was suddenly stopped by a voice from heaven which told him not to hurt his son. God had seen his willingness of heart and his triumphant faith and with this he was more pleased than with any number of burnt offerings. When Abraham looked around he saw that God had indeed provided himself a suitable sacrifice, for there in the thickets a ram was caught by the horns, and with overflowing thankfulness Abraham took it and burnt it on the altar before God. And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh, the Lord will provide.

Abraham's Trial.

What God did shows what he intended to do when he gave the command. God meant Abraham to make the sacrifice in spirit, not in the outward act. 'So far from introducing into Abraham's mind erroneous ideas about sacrifice, this incident finally dispelled from his mind such ideas and permanently fixed in his mind the conviction that the sacrifice God seeks is the devotion of the living soul, not the consumption of a dead body.'—Marcus Dods.

He meant to show that the spirit of highest sacrifice can exist without human sacrifices. It was a protest against human sacrifices. It was their condemnation, and the lesson was so thoroughly learned that his descendants have ever since repudiated and abominated such sacrifices (save in a few cases of degeneracy reprimanded and scorned), while Abraham was lifted up into the highest region of self-sacrifice and devotion, and gave his example as a legacy to the world.

Everything must be tested before it is safe to put it to use,—the ship, the cannon, the engine, the bridge. And there must be a stronger test for a larger use. The whole of life is a testing and an education by testing.

Most of the time the trial is through little things, every-day thoughts and experiences. These are often a severer trial than most great things.

Then a few times in life come great and severe trials, like college or school examinations, as distinct from the daily recitations.

The trials of life are often a great mystery to the one who suffers the trials. 'If God is so rich, why does he let us be so poor? If God is strong and so good, why does he let us have so much pain and sorrow?' He gives us for answer: 'To prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments or no,' (Deut. viii., 2).

There is a double purpose in all these trials. Life is both a probation and an education: a probation through the process of education, and an education through the probation.

The trials of life are to prove what we are, to see if we are fitted for larger things. We are tested in the use of the ten talents to prove whether we are fitted to rule the ten cities. The rope is tested by a weight, not to break it, but to see if it is fitted to hold up more precious things. The ship is tested, not to destroy it, but to see if it is strong enough to carry costly freight and precious lives through the storm. Thus in this lesson Abraham was tested to see whether he was worthy to be the ancestor of a mighty nation, and to fulfil the hopes that rested upon him, (see vs. 17, 18).

The meaning of trial is not only to test worthiness, but to increase it, as the oak tree is not only tested by the storms, but toughened by them. 'The fire doth not only discover which is the true gold, but makes the true gold more pure.'

—Pelcubet's Notes.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Aug. 25.—Topic—Daily prayer: 'I will make it the rule of my life to pray every day.' (Ps. xxxiv., 1-22.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

Mon., Aug. 19.—The Word of God.—Eph. vi., 17.

Tues., Aug. 20.—The Bible's purpose.—Rom. xv., 4.

Wed., Aug. 21.—Reading the message.—Neh. viii., 8.

Thu., Aug. 22.—Our best book.—Ps. cxix., 9-11.

Fri., Aug. 23.—Jesus and the Scriptures.—Luke iv., 16-21.

Sat., Tug 24.—A daily guide.—Acts xvii., 11.

Sun., Aug. 25.—Topic—Pledge meeting No. 4: 'I will read the Bible every day.'—Ps. xix., 7-14.

Let Beer Alone.

('Youth's Temperance Banner.')

A young man who had formed the habit of drinking beer every day was remonstrated with by a friend, who was decidedly opposed to its use. The young fellow, who was only seventeen years old, said he needed it because he had to work hard. Said he: 'Beer doesn't hurt me any more than coffee. Perhaps it stimulates me a little, but then I need some help of that sort. I can work better.'

But can a man work better when he uses liquor of any kind?

Mr. S. C. Hall, the well-known English writer, said he could work three times longer when he had become a total abstainer than when he used to drink moderately.

Sidney Smith, after giving up wine, wrote to Lady Holland: 'I sleep now like a baby or a plough-boy. I can take longer walks and make greater exertions without fatigue. My understanding is improved.'

Horace Greeley, the famous editor, one of the hardest of workers, never touched any kind of intoxicant. David Livingstone, whose life is more fascinating than any novel, said: 'The most severe labors and privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulus, because those who had endured the most had nothing else but water.' He sometimes, in his lonely travels in Africa, drank water swarming with insects or thick with mud, but he never touched wine or beer. He signed the total abstinence pledge when a boy. Khame, the chief of a tribe in Southern Africa, where Livingstone did some of his first missionary work, prohibited the use of liquors among his people and afterwards said: 'They are in every way better for it.'

Some of the workmen in the large rolling mills of Cleveland put oatmeal in water for their drink, because they can work harder and keep cooler with this than with beer.'

The young beer drinker said that almost all his friends drink beer and it does them no harm.

But is there no harm in beer? It injures the blood. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote of the brewers' draymen in England: 'From the least hurt they often die of gangrene or erysipelas, so impure has their blood become through beer.' The amount of gout among the poor, occasioned entirely from beer-drinking, say some of the best physicians, is past belief. People usually grow stout when they drink beer, but the extra flesh is no sign of health. Dr. Davis, of Chicago, who has given much study to this matter, says the reason a beer-drinker gets stout is because 'the natural and proper waste of tissue is prevented; so the effete matter is retained and the body becomes

bloated, losing its muscular activity and endurance.' So when you see a young man whose complexion has become coarse and his body red and bloated by beer, you can reason for yourself whether it does him harm or not.

It has been found also that beer-drinkers shorten life, and every life is too valuable for us to be willing to do that. Dr. Edmunds says that two barkeepers die to one laborer. The life insurance tables, carefully kept, show a vast disproportion in the death-rates of moderate drinkers and total abstainers.

The beer-drinker says: 'I shall never be a drunkard. I can control myself.'

Can he? Would Alexander the Great, dying at thirty-six, or Byron at thirty-eight, have been dissolute if they could have controlled themselves? Charles Lamb said: 'There is no middle ground.' Two very interesting young men used to come to my home. One had fine business ability and the other was studying to be a physician. Both drank beer, one because he said he needed it to carry him on in his studies, and the other took a social glass with his comrades. The habit grew upon them and helped largely to ruin them. There is but one safe course for young men and young women, and that is to let beer entirely alone.

She Kept the Bucket Clean.

A writer in an English paper says the following is a true story that actually happened.

A man from the new house near by came in at the alley gate and to the kitchen where a mother was working for the comfort of her family. He asked for a bucket. The men working on the brick wall were thirsty, and he would take them a drink. The bucket was brought. The lady, remarking on the discomfort of working in the hot sun that midsummer day, offered to fill the bucket at her well. The water was so cool that men from offices or the stores nearby often came or sent for water from the well.

Reaching out for the bucket the man declined the water, asking in a friendly tone that the men would like beer better than water—he only wanted a bucket to carry it in. Steadily the bucket was held back as the lady said: 'I am sorry, I cannot loan a bucket of mine for beer. Why I dare not! I have three boys, and what would they think if I let beer be carried in anything from my kitchen? I am sorry you wanted it for that. Should my boys drink liquor when they are grown they must not say that they ever saw beer in anything belonging to their mother—not with her consent. Good-day.' 'Good-day.'

How My Boy Went Down

It was not on the field of battle,
  It was not with a ship at sea,
But a fate far worse than either
  That stole him away from me.
'Twas the death in the tempting dram
  That the reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
  And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood
  To the depths of disgrace and sin;
Down to a worthless being,
  From the hope of what might have been.
For the brand of a beast besotted
  He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
  My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story
  That mothers so often tell,
With accents of infinite sadness,
  Like the tones of a funeral bell;
But I never thought, once, when I heard it,
  I should learn all its meaning myself;
I thought he'd be true to his mother,
  I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for my hopes, all delusion!
  Alas for his youthful pride!
Alas! who are safe when danger
  Is open on every side?
Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil?
  No bar in its pathway be thrown,
To save from the terrible maelstrom
  The thousands of boys going down?
—'National Advocate.'

Correspondence

Thamesville. Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm four miles from Thamesville, and two miles from school. I go to school, and I like my teacher. Her name is Miss Jean McCaughrin. I am in the third class and there are seven in my class. We have holidays now, but I like to go to school better than to stay home. I have a cat called Brinnie and a little black and white kitten called Tinnie. We have three horses, fifteen cattle, eleven sheep, twenty pigs, and about a hundred hens. I have five brothers and one sister, and I am the youngest. I wonder if any little girl's or boy's birthday is the same as mine, Nov. 19.

A FRIEND.

Collingwood.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and I do not think I could do without it. All our folks like it. I am sending back my list; sorry I haven't more names, but I will try and get more the next time. My birthday is on Oct. 14. I only heard of one whose birthday was the same as mine, and that was an old gentleman's.

N. P.

Duhamel-alta.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. As I have not seen a letter from Duhamel, I thought I would write one. My little brother has been sick since January, but is getting better now. My great-grandmother celebrated her one hundredth birthday on March 4. My father is a farmer. I have not been to school since I was eight years old. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' two years. We have some little chickens. Papa has most of his grain in.

FLORENCE E. S.

Summerville.

Dear Editor,—I must write and tell you of what a loss we have met with this winter. My brother, Pearl, ten years old, and my little sister, Alice, six years old, died, last January, of diphtheria. Pearl signed for the 'Messenger,' but he did not live to get one. He was only sick a week, and went to the office the last day he was out. He died on the 11th and Alice died on the 21st. We miss them very, very much; but we feel sure they are happy, because they loved Jesus. I have one brother, Gordon, aged 12, and three younger sisters, their names are Nellie, Minnie and Annie. My birthday is on Aug. 6th.

BESSIE MAY N., (Aged 8).

Summerville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. My father is dead and I am living with my grandparents. I have one brother named John. I help Grandma with the work, and play with my dolls. I have five dolls. Then we help grandpa tend the farm. We have lambs, calves, and hens, a pup and our cat has two kittens.

THERESA G.

Earnscliffe, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl aged nine. I go to school. I have about seven lots to go. There are five girls going to school. I am in the second reader. I have three brothers and a sister. She is six years old. We have two cats and two kittens. I have a pretty cow, her name is Mollen.

SARAH K.

Earnscliffe, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to school. We have lots of fun going to school and coming home. I have three brothers and no sisters. My teacher's name is Miss Emerson. We like her very much. I am in the third reader. I started to take the 'Messenger,' One of my schoolmates is talking about taking your 'Messenger.' I like your paper for the Sunday-school lesson is in it. I have a pug dog and two cats. The dog will run after a stone. I like writing. I have a pet calf. We have a big dog; his name is Towzer. I live on a farm.

SARAH A.

Norton, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I think it is a fine paper. I go to school and am in the fifth book. We have six cows, two calves, and two horses. The horses' names are Skip and Charlie. I have read 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'Through the Looking-glass,' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' and others.

NELLIE W. M., (Aged 11.)

Ellesmere, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl. I go to Demill College in St. Catharines; but I am out in the country on a farm now, for my holidays. I have a lot of pets; one is an old banty hen with seven little chickens. I have her cooped up. I get the 'Messenger' up at Sunday-school, and I enjoy it very much.

MAE R.

Souris, Man.

Dear Editor,—I go to school. I am in the part second book. We have holidays now for four weeks. I have three sisters and one brother. We take the 'Northern Messenger,' I live on a farm. I am seven years old. I have a pet kitty.

HATTIE R.

Clan Brassil, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have no brothers or sisters. My father is an editor. I live at my grandma's. I have a dog named Lady, and five cats, and two rabbits. I go to Sunday-school, where I get the 'Messenger.'

L. BERRYLL S.

Upter Grove, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first trial to write to the 'Messenger.' I get it every Sunday at the Presbyterian Sunday-school and I like it very well. My teacher's name is Miss Symington. I have four sisters and three brothers. We live on the shores of Lake Simcoe, and go in bathing often. We live about six miles from town. My birthday is on May 1, if anybody has the same I would like to know it. I go to the Upter Grove school. My teacher's name is Mr. Hart. I read in the fourth book. My father is a farmer. He keeps four horses. We have one hundred hens.

LILLIAN V. C., (Aged 10).

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we all like it very much. Mother takes the 'Witness.' We gave it to her for a birthday present. Papa makes perennial scripture calendars. I saw his advertisement in the 'Messenger.' We have two cats, one is a yellow and white one named Tom, the other is a black one named Topsy. I have two brothers and three sisters.

MAY H., (Aged 10.)

Holden, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I have not written to you for quite a while. I have two cats and three kittens. They are quite cunning. I have a wheel and a piano. My papa has quite a lot of chickens. My brother has two little boys, they are twins. I wish Grace A. B., of St. Thomas, N. Dakota, would send me her full address. Mine is

GRACE A. BENNETT, Holden, Mass.

APPRECIATION.

(To the Editor of the 'Messenger.')

Dear Editor,—It was a pleasant surprise to me when I saw the story, for which I was awarded a prize in the 'Witness' Story Competition in 1898, published in the 'Northern Messenger,' last week. It is a great honor to have the result of my poor efforts published in a paper that is regarded throughout Canada as the standard of journalism. My grandfather took the first 'Witness' that was published, and it has been taken in our family ever since. It is the most upright paper in its political opinions of any in Canada. The silver watch which was awarded me, is still in my possession, and is a splendid timepiece.

Wishing the 'Witness,' Boys' Page, and 'Northern Messenger' every success. I remain, yours very truly,

GORDON McLAREN,
Shilson, Man.

July 26, 1901.

NOTE.

The Editor regrets to be unable to publish the hymn, with music, which W. B. J. asks for.

HOUSEHOLD.

Shadows Toucned With Sunlight.

(Mrs. M. A. Holt.)

One day last summer, as I happened to go to the front door of our house, I heard angry voices just outside, under the shadow of a maple tree. The voices were familiar, and I hastened out to see what it meant. I found my own little Freddie and Willie Mason engaged in an angry dispute, and before I could reach them, blows were exchanged by the angry little boys. They were little blows, however, and did not make serious results; but yet I was shocked and grieved at what I saw.

I sent Freddie at once to his room, bidding him remain in it until I should give him permission to leave. Then I took Willie gently by the hand, and led him toward his own home, which was only a little way off. I asked him to tell me how the strife began, but he was too angry to speak. I gave him over into the hands of his mother, who was as deeply grieved at the matter as I was.

Willie was sent to his room also, and after the matter was talked over between Mrs. Mason and myself, we decided to leave the two boys alone for awhile, and see what the result would be.

It was in the twilight of the summer evening that I heard a voice call to me from Freddie's room.

'Mamma, please come in a moment,' the voice said.

I knew by the very tone that it was time to go in, and so I went softly through the door.

'Mamma, I am sorry that I struck Willie and hurt him'; and the voice grew soft and tender while a little boyish face was pressed upon my lap.

'Tell me all about it, Freddie,' I said, as I placed my hand upon the hot, tear-wet face of my penitent little boy.

'Mamma, I am sorry that I struck Wlilie so hard; did I hurt him, mamma ?' and the boy's voice betrayed the solicitude he felt.

I did not answer, and the little boy went on: 'I was angry, mamma, and I have asked God to take away my bad temper.'

Just then we heard a soft footfall outside the door, followed by a faint little rap.

In the deepening twilight I recognized Willie Mason, who came in with bowed head and halting step. 'I'm sorry I struck Freddie, and I struck him first, too,' and the visitor broke entirely down.

Willie's anger had all gone, and he was evidently as penitent as Freddie was. 'I'm sorry,' he began.

'And I am sorry, too,' was the low answer.

I slipped out of the room, and left the two little boys to 'make up' all alone. Pretty soon they came out, hand in hand, and I knew the matter was all settled.

So the shadow of the afternoon was touched with the sunlight of penitence for sin, and of a forgiving spirit, which always crown the human life with a halo of brightness.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Danger Ahead.

The danger of alcoholic prescriptions for expectant mothers, and for young children are being pointed out forcefully by European students of the effects of intoxicants. Statistics have been collected by physicians connected with hospitals showing that many children form an appetite for liquor very early in life through its being given to them by medical advice. Others have the appetite as the effect of prenatal influence.

Some time ago a good Christian mother was advised to give brandy to her delicate baby boy in his food. One day the brandy bottle was empty, and no one was in the house to send for a fresh supply, so the mother prepared the food without its usual flavoring of spirit. To her amazement the babe spat it out with evident lack of relish. With horror she realized that she had already fastened upon her infant child the deadly alcoholic appetite. Being a woman of quick resolve, and of firm determination, she said to the little one, 'Well, my boy, if you will not take your food without brandy, you can go hungry until you will.' How few mothers would have recognized the danger until it was too late!

The mothers of the land are quite as responsible as the physicians for the widespread use of alcoholics as medicines. The American Medical Temperance Association has made careful inquiry which shows that about ninety percent of homes in this country use alcohol with more or less freedom as medicine. Very few women seem to think of the danger lurking in the various cough mixtures, soothing syrups and other proprietary medicines containing whiskey, opium, cocaine or other powerful drugs. It is amazing to hear professedly Christian women glibly advising whiskey for this, that, and the other ailment, and assuming an air of conscious superiority over those who speak of such prescriptions as dangerous. Such a mother, well-known to the writer, has one son to-day a saloon-keeper, and the other a drunken loafer. The father was an exemplary, total-abstaining Methodist class-leader, in no way to blame for the results of the mother's folly.

When will Christian mothers set aside their senseless prejudices in favor of the greatest destroyer of their homes? God's Word, and advanced medical science, are agreed that 'whosoever is deceived' by alcohol, whether as beverage or medicine, 'is not wise.' There is no longer any excuse for ignorance. When the home medicine chest is purged of all its deceitful and dangerous drugs, and the family physician is requested to not administer alcoholics, or kindred substances, there will be fewer premature deaths and fewer lost souls to be accounted for in the day of judgment.—'Union Signal.'

The Intangible Furnishing.

I think that it has occurred to all of us home makers and housekeepers that there is something more than furniture and walls in the making of a home; there is that potent but indefinable something, which is displeasing in some houses and pleasing in others, which we vaguely call atmosphere, or temperament, or which we do not call at all, but simply recognize as a pleasant or an unpleasant feeling, and do not pursue the analysis further.

So let us take a thought, just a thought, as a feature and the important feature in our furnishing and we shall then have a result which money cannot buy, and thieves cannot take away.

Suppose we take happiness, harmony, and love for a trinity of thoughts and with them we can furnish a home that will radiate gladness and comfort and congeniality into the neighborhood, and will lift up the whole community into a higher and better plane of life, for—

'I hold it true that thoughts are things,
Endowed with bodies, breath, and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results—or ill.
The thoughts have life; and they will fly
And leave their impress by and by,
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath
Breathes into homes its fevered breath.'

Furnished with fine thoughts and noble aspirations our home becomes a centre and nucleus of all that which is highest and best.

We are all willing and ready to agree that the aim of life is happiness, and that that is all that justifies existence. Life is largely what we make it and it lies with us to make it for weal or for woe.

The American mother has an ethical duty beyond pots and pans and furnishings, and it is she who is to lift up the people—with her lies the future of the race and the generations that are to come.

The home that we provide, the environment with which we surround our loved ones—the influences which we bring to bear, count for much in the progress of the race.

While the furnishing of our homes is in a way a financial and mechanical feature let us inject into it the higher ethical feeling that the thought behind it is the potent force—the living thing, and let that thought be love.—'American Mother.'

Virtues of Buttermilk.

The growing practice of utilizing the waste product of all manufactures has brought out the fact that buttermilk possesses many unsuspected qualities. A medical paper says its reputation as an agent of superior digestibility has become firmly established. It is, indeed, a true milk peptone—that is, milk already partially digested, the coagulation of the coagulated portion being loose and flaky and not of that firm, indigestible nature which is the result of the action of the gastric juice upon sweet cows' milk. It is of great value in the treatment of typhoid fever, and, being a decided laxative, it may be turned to advantage in the treatment of habitual constipation. It is no less valuable in kidney troubles, from its diuretic qualities. It is in great request for the treatment of diabetes, either alone or alternately with skim milk and in cases of gastric ulcer and cancer of the stomach it can often be retained when no other food can. Chemical analysis shows that in its nature it greatly resembles koumyss, with the exception of which it is the most grateful, refreshing and digestible of the product of milk.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

OUR BEST PREMIUM.

The New-Century Publication

WORLD WIDE

A Weekly Reprint of Articles from Leading Journals and Reviews Reflecting the Current Thought of Both Hemispheres.

Special Clubbing Offers.

TWO GREAT WEEKLY PAPERS

NORTHERN MESSENGER and WORLD WIDE.

12 pages, 30c. 16 pages, 75c.

Aggregating over 850 pages per annum.

Both to one address—Regular price, $1.05, Special price.....$ .90

Both to two separate addresses—Regular price, $2.10 Special price.....$1.20

Both to five separate addresses—Regular price, $5.25 Special price.....$2.50

THREE GREAT WEEKLY PAPERS

Northern Messenger, Weekly Witness, World Wide,

12 pages, 30c. 20-24 pages, $1.00. 16 pages, 75c.

Aggregating over 2,500 pages per annum.

All to one address—Regular price, $2.05. Special price.....$1.80

All to two separate addresses—Regular price, $4.10. Special price.....$3.70

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal, Canada.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE BUREAU SCRIPTURE CALENDAR (PERennial), A unique Birthday Gift for Children. Delivered on receipt of 25 cents. R. HALLY, 149 Robert Street, Toronto.

USE **BABY'S OWN** SOAP

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 30c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'